

THE PHILOSOPHY
OF LOVE- THE
FORBIDDEN FRUIT

Philosophical
Poems



Sorin Cerin

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2017**

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**Critical appreciations about the
poetry of meditation**

PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

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One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin,

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undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

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It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

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On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

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Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely

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is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

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And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

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What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new, some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

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Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

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Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", í la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and

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more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

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But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of

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ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

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Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man

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the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

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PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through

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adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the

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Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:
"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title

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of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

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PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

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PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more

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disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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1. The Torch of Immortality

I breathe the sparks of Stars,
which they illuminates me the Destiny,
they have kindled for him the Torch of Time,
forgotten by God,
on the lips of Immortality,
then when he created Death,
of which he could no longer separate himself,
so enticing, was for him,
at the Gates of Paradise,
that he took it with Him,
and so the Inferno was born,
after a crazy love,
where the Madness,
was the first invited to their wedding,
what neither today is not over.

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2. In no way

I do not know how much of your Kiss,
I would succeed to share him with the eternity,
of the floors of some Glances,
at which the elevator of Illusions of my Life,
could not reach,
being so defeated,
by the Illusions of Death,
at the Tombs of Words to which,
we could no longer reach,
without to tie us the shoelaces of Memories,
in which we trampled,
without we wanting,
the mud of Destiny,
where we have remained stuck,
by the Stars which no longer wanted,
to burn in no way,
for us.

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3. The Death of Sunsets

And I would have followed you,
until when the Death of the Past,
would have become a rotten gate,
through which we could have talked us,
about the broken Shirt of the Word,
which we should have sew him,
to the armpits of Eternity,
what would have become,
our true Marriage,
on which neither a Moment,
no matter how immortal it would have been,
would never have succeeded,
it to sell us,
the Glances of Heaven of Souls,
on which we breathe them,
among the Commas of our Births,
sharpened by the Destinies,
of Immortality,
which they bloodied us the Death of Sunsets,
piercing them,
with their sharp and bitter blades,

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of Memories.

4. On which we would have rented them to Vanity

The Word was so cold,
that we have never succeeded,
to we make for us, an enduring home from him,
without as the poplars of Feelings,
to grow tall enough,
so we can cut them,
the stalks of grandeur,
from which to we make us the Coffins of Love,
which we shall polish them,
in the Cemetery of our Thoughts,
at whose gates we have knocked,
wanting to we become,
as soon as independent,
by the Morgue of the Days,
which would be followed,
to take shelter,
in the Chamber of Smiles,
on which we would have rented them,
to Vanity.

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5. Strong enough

And we left us the Moments at home,
believing that we are too young,
by the Death of Eternity,
what became for us the towel of the Dreams,
which we carefully wiped them out,
not to they get sick of too many Dreams,
which have struck us with the sharp edges of the Days,
where neither a God,
would not have been strong enough,
to stop,
the Dreams to stay hidden,
silent,
in the Immortality of the Kiss,
on which the Creation has given him to the Destiny,
of the Illusions of Life and Happiness,
where no World,
would not have accepted it,
without us.

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6. Messages of Heaven

The Gods of Luck,
they buried their Dreams,
on the Star of our Destiny,
what has risen on the waves of Blood,
of a Sunset,
from whose Dust,
we built us the Steps without Traces,
of the Illusions of Life,
from which to we feed us,
the way toward Death,
deserted by the cold and indifferent Smiles,
crucified on the Messages of Heaven,
which seem to address,
to Nobody.

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7. Calendar past

The times of the broken Dreams,
from the obsolete Calendars,
of the Hearts of Heaven,
they are waiting silently and resigned,
to be transformed,
by the trembling hands,
of a Present,
old and single,
after he will cover,
Tobacco of Memories,
strong and irresponsible,
with the signs of the Happiness,
on which the Destiny has marked them,
somewhere sometime,
so long ago on the body of their Soul,
of yellowed and erased paper,
of a past Calendar,
from Today,
knowing that he will be smoked with grief,
by the cold and greasy lips of a Time,

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which will turn all the letters of the Words,
painstakingly written,
love and shyness,
in the Smoke of a Future,
on which neither the clouds of Questions,
can not understand him anymore,
when they have shaken,
the arid rains of some Answers,
about the Immortality,
of some Eternal Regrets.

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8. The Whims of the Future

I have no longer nor Wings of Words,
to can fly,
towards the lost Eternity,
from the Soul crucified by Time,
of the Love,
which I gave you,
dressed in the silk of some Glances,
of which you have no longer wanted to break up never,
even if the Cemeteries of Moments,
were becoming increasingly overcrowded,
for the Whims of the Future,
in which we were losing us,
the Identity,
where I knew that we will go,
to we die little by little,
together.

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9. They have lived the Life in our place

So cold and inhospitable,
it was Time for us,
that we would have given him instead,
for one Slice of Moment,
from which we would have tasted,
at least once,
the strong air of the Heights,
of an Eternity,
on which to we wrap it,
in the cloak of a Remembrance Sheet,
for to make him a gift,
to the Illusions of Death,
which, they have lived the Life,
in our place.

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10. Which we will breathe them

How many Clouds of Dreams,
would have counted the Mud of this Earth,
until he managed to incarnate,
in his Destiny,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
which we will breathe them,
with the ardor of a Great Love,
the Vanities,
whose Thoughts,
they bloom in every Spring,
through the Cemeteries of Passions,
of our Existence.

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11. The Flowers of Dreams of the Cemeteries

How much, Heaven, to have fed,
the Eternity of your Eyes,
that they have reached,
they to comprise with the Glances of the Love,
my whole Universe,
which I thought him,
lost and forsaken,
in the arms of a Destiny,
whose Sacred Fire,
has burned on the pyre of Regrets,
of to they be born,
among the Flowers of Dreams of the Cemeteries,
on where, the steps of the Illusions of Death,
they trample, with weight,
the Moments of the Future,
which, they collapse,
not understood by Nobody,
for to offer themselves as brides,
to the Vanities of a Time,
of the Nobody.

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12. With flavor of Dust

Regrets of poisoned Lead,
by the Word of Creating a World,
orphan by the Destiny's Smiles,
who believes in the Illusions of Life and Death,
as in a Cathedral of Love,
where the Bible of the Time,
is read from the beginning to the end
from Moment in Moment,
until, her tattered pages,
they become a Memory,
of a lost Life,
what seems to always repeat,
to Endlessly,
giving birth to a different kind of Immortality,
with flavor of Dust,
which we incarnate him,
in our Hopes.

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13. We crossed her

Even if I drowned my Dreams,
in the tear of your Destiny,
knowing that from there,
I will never take them out anymore,
I would not succeed to understand ever,
The word Love,
from which we built us the house of Desires,
why has forsaken,
the shore of the Ocean of your Glances,
which overflows,
over the Fire of the Heart of my Heaven,
extinguishing him,
until has no longer remained nothing,
from, the Stars of Moments,
whose Eternity,
we crossed her,
up beyond ourselves,
that to we reach now
more strangers,
than is the Rain of Longing,
face of, the Scorching Heat of the Forgetfulness.

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14. The lesson of Nativity

Better I missed,
from the lesson of Nativity,
which God has taught,
to my Destiny,
in which I would never wanted to believe,
that he will divide my Life,
with great pleasure to the Death,
and the Truth,
to the Illusions,
from which to I nourish me, avidly,
on the alleys of the Cemeteries of Moments,
among whose graves,
to I run without knowing where,
and nor for what,
my whole Existence.

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15. The Basket of Sighs

How much good, did God do?,
when he created us the Love?
pronouncing her name for the first time,
when he had just created the Death,
who will be her husband,
along its entire Illusions of the Life,
on which it put in the Basket of Sighs,
which he had just braided it,
for the Fair of Dreams,
from where it makes its supplies,
the World of Eyes of Heaven,
empty and ruthless of Destinies,
which then when they saw it,
they were lost,
in the endless Ocean of her Days,
going on the path without return,
of the Darkness.

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16. Could become mad

Freedom is a regret,
of Illusions of Death,
which, they can not accept,
that the World could become mad,
without paying the ration to the Vanity,
which blossoms through the Cemeteries of Dreams,
where the Tears of the Memories swim,
have torn the sheets of the Calendars,
whose beaten paths,
by the Destinies what can not understand,
the Absurd of Existence,
they are still indebted to the Original Sin,
even if they paid at overpriced,
the Sufferings.

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17. Of all the Torches of Heaven

Bursts of Stars,
are drawn by the infernal Paradise,
of a God, gambler ,
who always loses his honor,
losing their savings,
gathered hardly from our Sufferings,
through the Casinos of the Holy Fathers,
which promise astronomical gains,
to whoever would like to spend,
those few Moments,
received in gift from the Illusions of Life,
of Happiness and Death,
through Cemeteries of Hopes,
of the Cathedrals of Love,
where no longer prays,
of long ago than the ancient Times,
not even the Stranger from us,
which lie lost or abandoned,

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through the tombs of the Glances,
cold and impersonal,
of some Feelings,
which, they will never find,
their Star,
of all the Torches of Heaven,
which they will remain, of the Nobody,
without being able to ignite,
the Sacred Fire of Love
on the pyre of a Soul.

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18. With the Heart of Love

When you emerged from the foam of Ocean of Hopes,
I knew you were the Moment of my Eternity,
on which I was looking for it of beyond my birth,
knowing that it is the Universe of Tears,
which gave me to drink the Water of Life,
in the waves of which,
was refreshed by so much heat,
burning for the sake of the Infinite,
of the Sacred Fire of Immortality,
the Star of my Destiny,
who gave you a Ray of Feeling,
it to take us, on the wings of the Horizon of Love,
on which only God,
could comprise him until then,
with the Heart of Love,
which he gave it to us,
for to be for us, the chaise of Happiness,
to lead us further,
than all the zodiac Signs of Feelings,
until in the Soul of Endlessness,
where we will find us again, the lost house,

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of the Absolute Truth,
what we will no longer forsake him,
Never.

19. Our entire lost Universe

When Time has built for itself fortresses of Days,
on which has closed them,
with the heavy and rusted latches of the Years,
in the Soul of your Destiny,
who fell from the Unfaithful Paradise,
of the God of a Love,
on which, you did not understand her,
on the sad and lonely pillow,
of the Stranger from me,
on which I can not understand him at all,
then when he always tells me,
that you are the Absolute Truth of my Life,
hunted by so many Illusions,
on the eyelids of cold and insalubrious Moments,
of the Cemeteries of Hopes,
which snowing, silent and abandoned,
by the Heaven of Eyes of the Happiness,
in whose Glance, we should have found us again,
our entire lost Universe.

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20. We still bleeding

Branches of, Memories,
dried and broken,
guides the roots of Feelings,
from which were born the Windows of Heaven,
of Feeling,
whose sap,
was scattered,
in the ravaged steam of the Past,
through which breathes the Dust of Dreams,
incarnated on the furrowed face,
by the Wrinkles of some Prayers,
of the Savior of the Heart,
from us,
which yet we still bleeding,
pierced by the thorns of Moments,
to whom we have ransacked them the desires,
of to stay together,
despite the opposition of the corrupt Destiny,
by a God,
who did not want to recognize us,
in no way,

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the Eternity of Love.

21. The Luck of a Bad luck

Walls ruined and forgotten by Feelings,
they stay buried at edge of Dreams,
in the tombs of some Hopes,
insalubrious and full,
by the mold of the Words,
which have breathed,
somewhere sometime,
through us,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
whose Memory,
has rusted,
on the plaque of sad, remembrance,
of the Love,
on which we gave birth to her, with so much ardor,
until she was killed by Destiny,
in a Lottery accident,
on which God has built her for himself,
as he to lose us or win us,
at the table of the Luck, of a bad Luck?

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22. In the embers of the Love?

If we had not fallen each,
in his own Star of Destiny,
on the vault of the Forgetfulness,
would we have succeeded to unite us ,
the Sacred Fires of Eternity,
in the embers of the Love ?,
which to not be extinguished Never,
in the cathedrals of our Souls,
and his Smoke,
would have banished,
all the Original Sins of the World of Loneliness,
which someone else wished it for us, like that.

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23. Which approaching us

We have trod us, in the feet of Words,
the whole Immortality,
on which the Love would have breathed it,
for to lead us on the wings of Happiness,
in, the long distances,
which approaching us,
increasingly more,
by ourselves,
by increasing the distance,
between the Original Sins,
of the God who could not understand us,
and the Angels of our Souls,
which, they did no longer have the chance,
to fall into the Inferno of Paradise ,
built,
at the Creation of a World of the Absurd
after the image and likeness,
of the Vanity,
of Illusions of Life, Happiness, and Death.

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24. Falling from the vault of some Souls

The sighs, of Fair Forgotten by the World,
where were sold for nothing,
the Loves,
past well,
by the first youthfulness,
of the Vanity,
to which the Moments have coveted,
just as forsaken and sad,
maybe poorer,
than the most miserable and unhappy Destiny,
who tried to console them,
with the Illusions of Death,
where they will no longer be aware of Time,
cold and insensitive,
at the Dreams of some Stars of the Love,
whose Lives,
were disintegrated,
falling from the vault of some Souls,
who will no longer succeed to love,
Never.

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25. The Secret Cipher

We should breathe us the Past,
to be able to look in the Future,
confident in the Star of Destiny,
who built us,
the entire cathedral of our Souls,
in which we enter so rarely,
without we ever succeeding,
to we discover the Secret Cipher,
of the Gates,
of the Meaning of Illusions of Life and Death,
on which we should open them wide,
and to we invite they to pass them ,
all the Angels of the Happiness and Eternity,
from the Heavens of our Love.

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26. Wrong Consignee

Bodies torn by Words,
have hurt the bricks of the Creating of the World,
on which God has placed them,
at the Temple of our Souls,
decomposed by so many Original Sins,
which he has scattered abundantly,
the Destiny,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
whose daggers have stabbed us, the Time,
making him to lose, on nothing,
all the Blood of the Moments,
who kissed the Dust,
incarnating himself in the Vanity,
of this World,
of Loves with wrong Consignee.

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27. On the Stellar Storm

Brushwood of Feelings,
ignite the Sacred Fire of Eternity,
on the Stellar Storm of an Universe,
which is hurrying,
he to celebrates his,
the Illusion of Immortality and Death,
of the Consciousness,
put to auction by the Destiny,
on which God created him,
to choose between the Good and Evil,
of the Vanity,
of to allow to the Existence,
to feed itself,
with the forsaken Love,
of the Time,
compared to his own Days,
increasingly deserted,
on the alleys without name,
of the Nobody.

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28. We have built our bodies

I kneaded the mud of the Vanity,
until,
we have built us,
the bodies of the Soul Cathedral of a Star
in which we have hidden us,
praying us to all the Holy Fathers of Love,
on which we have built them,
from the ashes of Illusions of Life and Death,
in the Creation of our own World,
which to help us to succeed,
the ignition of the Sacred Fire of Immortality,
to which to we warm,
the Absolute Truth of Existence,
until when the whole Universe,
will succeed,
to build to himself, a God,
which will be also for us,
not just for,
His Original Sins.

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29. The Diadems of an Altar of Love

Wrecks of Memories,
they guarding us, the shores of the Future,
on which we will cross them,
with the soles of the bloody Moments,
by the deep cuts,
in the shards of the Hourglasses broken,
which have shared us somewhere- sometime, a Time,
which was ours,
so hot,
that they were melting us,
even and the Glacial Hearts of Words,
cold and lonely,
which have cut us the path,
turning them,
in the Diadems of an Altar of Love,
whose ruins,
we still look for them,
in the ocean without edges,
of the Vanity,
of this Existence.

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30. Who does not honor

The flavors of Chains of Words,
have gathered us the Dreams rotted,
by the Rains, of end, of World,
of the unfulfilled Promises,
and who does not honor,
of a God of Misunderstoods,
which they glorify him up to madness,
the Original Sins,
of the Unknown,
of a Vanity of Consciousness,
on which the Universe of Love,
has lost it,
at the Gambling Games of the Bad luck,
to delight us the Time,
hypocritical,
with new Years,
which will declare themselves the unique winners,
in the World of the Nobody.

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31. We had to repudiate Him

The emaciated and broken steps,
by ourselves,
are heading, menacing
towards the Hearts of Stone,
from the bodies of which we will us sculpt,
the faces of the Memory,
which still have remained us,
from the whole tumult of Dreams,
which are feeding,
with the Feelings of the Happening,
of to us be found,
at the grave of a Time,
which will no longer return,
never,
in the fresh and living blood of the Dawns,
which have delighted us the Future,
with the Gods of some Promises,
on which we worshiped them,
until the Death of Eternity,
in whose Moment we have hidden us,
somewhere sometime,
by the wrath of a God of Love,

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so Alien for us,
that we had to repudiate Him,
forever.

32. The Cloak of Consciousness

Hugging us,
we troubling, the Illusions of the Dust,
from the Amalgam of Existential Energies,
on which we clothe them,
with the Cloak of Consciousness,
of a Time,
which belongs,
only to the Illusions of Life and Death,
from which we are obligated,
to we make us the Vestments of the Glances,
with which,
to we dress the Words spoken or unspoken,
of the Feelings,
on which God,
would like to express them through us.

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33. The Holy Fathers of worldly Passions

I could not find a way,
for the God of our Souls,
because he would blind me,
with the Divine Light,
of the beginning, unblemished by the World,
which it still did not know the Original Sins,
on which the Holy Fathers,
of worldly Passions,
they attributed them, with impudence,
to the Love,
because they did not know to love,
even if their God,
was attributed in a liar way,
to the Love.

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34. Spiritual Energies

The Dawns of Beginning of Love,
appear over the Dice thrown by Time,
through the traps of Casinos of the Existence,
where he plays its Moments,
for to be enlivened by, the Feelings,
which they are sifted from the clouds in tears,
of the Vanities,
which sow in the Illusion of the Dust from us,
the Spiritual Energies,
which feed the Illusions of Death and Life,
on which we must live them,
orphans by the Stranger from ourselves,
the only believer of the Absolute Truth,
of the Love.

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35. At the criminal table of the Vanity

How much disorientation,
to have boiled in the Blood of Time,
that he has dirtied his own Dawns,
with the Happiness dried by Longing,
and killed by Memory,
of the Tears,
in which were drowned the Loves,
of a God,
which pretends,
that he no longer recognizes the Creation of the World,
that at the base of Original Sins,
and of the Guilt of Existence of to be,
would be the hidden enmities,
of the Energies unruly,
which are crying and now,
through the lost Glances,
of the Souls,
trying to free themselves,
from the Great Love,
of a God, corrupt, cowardly and cynical,
for which the Illusions of Death and Life,

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are a cosmic delight,
tasted at the criminal table,
of the Vanity.

36. Breathing, of Stellar Dust

I seated,
on the Chairs of the Clouds of Memories,
trying to rest my Feeling,
which burns my Moments,
that are starved, by me myself,
with cold and uncomfortable rains,
of the Obsession,
who still believes in you,
Sunrise of Eternity,
of the Roots of Hopes,
from which I extract the sap,
of the Breathing of Stellar Dust,
of the Consciousness,
from which I built to me
the Word, of, Heaven,
named,
Truth,
which to open,
the Window of your Love,
to the whole Universe of Immortality,
which wants to look through it,

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to the Endlessness of Souls,
our.

37. The rusty board of the Memory

The dark circles of the Sunrise,
which it did not sleep,
the whole Night of Happiness,
they begin to weep,
as a cold and insensitive rain of autumn,
over the buds of an uncertain and frozen Future,
by, the Word,
which has no longer succeeded,
it to tell us, nothing more,
than,
Loneliness,
a name written on the rusty board of the Memory,
of on the street of our Loves,
on which we will not walk anymore,
never.

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38. In the Nobody's garden

We were so much Paradise,
in the Sacred Fire of the Feelings,
that we have built us,
own Cathedral of the Passion,
where we invited all Angels of Love to pray,
to the icon of our Kiss,
sprung from the lava of Words,
whose Volcanoes of Love,
they became for us the Eternity of the Moment,
which burned us,
on the pyre of the Absolute Truth,
until,
they have scorched us,
the Steps heavy and oppressive,
of the Time,
which have crushed us the Hearts,
what would have wanted to stay,
just as young as the Immortality,
on which we breathe it,
through the pores of the Dreams,
which, they watered us the flowers of Thoughts,

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what now they wither quietly and forgotten,
in the Nobody's garden.

39. The flesh of the Past

The ignited impressions,
on the Heaven of Regrets,
twinkle chaotic,
on the Path of Loneliness,
of the claws of Memories,
which tears us the flesh of the Past,
leaving the blood of Longing to gush,
hot and whirling,
on the Horizon of Sunsets,
of a Love heavy and silent ,
which seems to be, of the Nobody,
even if it is lost,
in an endless pain,
of the Separation,
by ourselves.

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40. The heavy and locked gates of the Indifference

Storms of Empty Words,
they hit us, the Wrinkles bleached by Memories,
whose riverbeds in tears,
have dried up longer than the Weather,
vanished and her on the Heaven of Patience,
on the vault of Soul whose,
we believed somewhere, sometime,
in Love,
without us to understand,
that each Day,
was a trap of Time,
what barely was waiting to catch us,
lie in wait after the lattice of every Mistake,
on which the steps of the Truth in which we were hiding,
would have managed to embrace her,
closing us forever,
behind the heavy and locked gates,
of the Indifference,
which killed us,
everything that could never have died,
from us.

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41. Lost in the darkness of the Night

Tears of, Heaven,
exhausted and heavy,
floods the Wrinkles of Time,
whose Remembrance of lead,
we became,
on the deserted street of the Despondency,
where he no longer lives,
with more time ago than all Times,
together,
the disheveled Glances of our Dreams,
sometime shattered,
by the warm and scented breeze,
of the Love,
lost in the darkness of the Night,
without return,
of the Destiny.

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42. The Holy Mount of Helplessness

The bars, cold and dishonorable,
they scatter the Glances of Fair of Death Illusions,
through which the steps gnawed by so many Vanities,
wrap the distaff of the Days,
from which it will come out,
the inert and indifferent cloth,
of the unforgiving Time,
with ourselves,
those born with Death in the blood of the Sunrises,
whose Cemeteries of Dreams,
we will carry them a whole Life,
on the Holy Mount of Helplessness,
of to stay together,
with the Love,
under the cloak of Immortality.

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43. The Forgetfulness of a Destiny

Walls of Heaven,
they keep us behind the Destiny,
locked up for Original Sin,
of the Love.

Waves of Blood,
they kindle the defiant and unforgiving pyres,
of the Feelings,
which, they will hardly pull the Steps of the Senses,
of a Love.

The heavy and debased wings,
they will write to us,
the Histories of the Cathedrals of our Souls,
by collapsing themselves into the Memories,
hunted, from before the Times,
by, the Forgetfulness of a Destiny.

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44. It is called Parting

Pages of Kisses extinguished,
by the Tears of the Heaven of our Souls,
are still read by the Cemeteries of Dreams,
through the tombs of the Future,
indifferent, cold and oppressive,
of the Destiny,
on which we have not succeeded to defeat him,
at the table of the mystery,
of a God of Love,
who has lost all the fortune of Creation,
to the lottery of a Word,
which none of us,
we did not believe him,
then when he told us that it is called,
Parting.

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45. To enlighten us the Inferno

Heavy deserts,
inhabited by the lead of the Regrets,
they wither on the sad faces of the Times,
which have milled even their histories,
at the Mill of the Luck of some bad lucks,
to be able to sift,
the flour of the Time starved,
by the Illusions of Life and Death,
on the alleys full of Passions of Cemeteries of Loves,
where twinkle the Falling Stars,
of the Destiny,
lighting up the World of Vanity,
as to enlighten us as well as possible,
the Inferno.

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46. The Years carved by the Illusions of Death

Walls of Heaven,
disturb the hair of Thoughts,
tying him in a loop of hair of the Vanity,
by the bars of Illusions of Life,
through which we look at the Present,
aware that we exist,
in a World of Prisons of Tears,
in which we drowned us the Worries,
on which the Hopes have sown them to us
through the Souls of Memories,
with the soles of the Days gnawed,
by so much running,
among the Years carved by the Illusions of Death,
of a Time,
of the Despondency.

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47. The Infernal Paradise of the Existence

Scrap of Absurd Truths,
they cover the Words Spider,
what they want to catch in the nets of the Days,
the Vanity of Infernal Paradise,
of the Existence,
on which we breathe it,
long enough,
so that the Death to tell its own Illusions,
and we shall be rewarded,
with whole Cemeteries of Dreams
which we will mount them,
like some precious stones,
at the Destiny's Wedding Ring,
which we always wear,
to your wedding finger,
of the Vanity with the Hope.

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48. The Aging of Moments

The zodiac Signs, Crepuscular,
have reddened the Horseshoes without Luck,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
from which we braided us,
the devastated Destiny, of the Suffering,
which we put makeup so deeply,
so that we can achieve from the Wrinkles of Memories,
true crystal palaces,
with Fairies of Words,
hidden in the Hourglasses of Immortality,
on which we polished them,
with Smiles increasingly false,
being aware of the Cemeteries of Dreams,
which awaits us,
closer and closer,
once with the Aging of Moments,
lost and forsaken,
of some Loves.

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49. Anyway, it could not have been ours

Cynical rays, of Hopes,
shine over the subhuman landscape of Suffering,
of a Sunset that burns our gaze,
cold and glacial,
of the Death from us,
on which we no longer have, to whom to sell it,
once we were born,
in a World of Vanity,
in which we found out,
that we are made one for the other,
only then when the Time,
has stretched us the hand of a Moment,
on which we lost it at the Dice of a Destiny,
indifferent and banal,
of a Reality,
which anyway,
it could not have been ours.

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50. The forbidden fruit

Have whitened us,
the Moments of the Vanity,
of so much waiting,
of the Illusions of Happiness,
that they began to believe,
that they will be saved,
by the Original Sins,
of a Destiny,
corrupt and proud,
which bites deeply and with thirst,
from the flesh of Souls,
every time,
when he has the opportunity,
without a little pity,
from the forbidden fruit,
which are,
we.

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51. Thirsty by the Illusions of the Dust

Wings of Dreams,
being thirsty by the Illusions of the Dust,
which, they clothe us the Bodies of the Feelings,
are arched over the dark circles of Insomnia,
of a Moment,
which can not leave us,
it stays Day, of Hope
and Night of Tears,
at our head,
sick of so much Love,
which seems to not heal anymore,
for to rest,
in past peace,
of the Cemeteries of Promises,
on which he preaches them,
the God of Suffering,
who has sold his,
the Destiny of Love,
for nothing,
to the Vanity.

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52. The broken pocket of the Uncertainty

Curtains drawn by the Night of Regrets,
over the tired eyes of Memories,
what barely manage to stay awake,
of so much Madness,
in the bustle of end of World,
from the Souls of Apocalypse,
what flows through our Blood,
wandering on the lands of no return,
of the Days bygone,
from the graves of the Glances
blinded by the Past Time,
which, neither now, does not give us,
the Peace so much desired,
by the salty Tears of Love,
which want to spices us,
the lost Moment, of a Retrieval,
in the broken pocket of the Uncertainty.

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53. At the Bank of the Dust of the Incarnate Words

When God,
has threw the Dice of our Future,
over the Illusions of Death, Life,
Happiness, Time and Suffering,
was so drunk by the Stars of Destinies drinking
at the Casino of the Existence,
that he did not realize which is the correct price,
of the Love,
until he awoke from the strong steams of astral alcohol,
of some Religions,
and he began to search through his pockets,
of the Failures,
a spark, of Divine Light,
from which to be able to pay,
the maintenance bills of Heaven and Hell,
which were not at all negligible,
what he found unspent,
were the Eyes of the Windows of Heaven of our,
on which he gave them to the World,
who deposited them,
at the Bank of the Dust of the Incarnate Words,

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predestinating us for each other,
in one with the name of Love.

54. Shores abandoned by waves

We are,
Shores abandoned by waves,
dried out by the cold Longing
with Soles of melted Lead,
in the Steps that lead us to Nowhere,
believing that in a Sunrise,
they will succeed to meet again,
the Endlessness of the Feelings,
which has budded us,
on the pages of our Souls,
so yellowish and moldy,
now,
that no mast of Love,
no longer seek them,
to write us on them,
the Glances that were lost,
in the Word of Beginning of World,
of the Love.

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55. To tattoo them the image of ice

The magic of the Dawns breaks down,
over the fog of Loneliness,
from which we have carved us,
the Bed of the Illusions of Death,
on which to rest us,
the Foreheads of the Original Sins,
of a God of Love,
which has repeated the class of Creation of Worlds,
of some Souls,
drowned now,
in the Cemeteries of Words,
which wanted,
to be the creators of Happinesses,
in the place of Sufferings, stranded
on the shores of our Hearts,
of cold and hard stone,
which leaves not, neither the Needles, sharpened
by the lips of the Heart of a Kiss,
for to tattoo them,
the image, of ice,
of on the face of Heaven of a Love.

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56. The Steps of the cut Hearts

Lost horseshoes,
through the Genes of the Blood of our Histories,
who do not know even now,
how to manage their Luck of the Bad luck,
of to fail,
on the wings fallen,
from the Paradise of flint, petrified
of Illusions of Death,
of some Destinies,
which, they sparkle when they are hit,
by the God of Suffering,
giving birth to the Souls of some Stars,
which to guide us with their brilliance,
the Steps of the cut Hearts by the sharp stones,
of our Glances,
what still bleeds,
reddening the Time,
with Love.

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57. Dying of ourselves forever

Flowers of willows
disheveled in the tears of the Words,
arise among the Touches of some Feelings,
which until then,
they stayed secluded and hidden,
even and by the Stranger of the Subconscious Truth,
of the Love,
on which none,
we did not understand her enough,
being lost in Passion,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
which we were trying to give them to us,
accompanied by as many Vanity as possible,
so good at taste,
that we could not give up at her,
until we have not gotten sick,
of Separation,
dying of ourselves,
forever.

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58. The Destinies do not even want to hear

Gates of, false Smiles,
they stand open to the Bodies of Mist,
of the Passers from Moments,
which are lost among the fingers, of Smoke,
of the Ashes from the Words of some Days,
scattered through the white hair of the Vanity,
who still,
sells through the abandoned Fair,
of the Illusions of Life and Death,
the Dreams of Absurd,
at the price of astral speculation,
for the Zodiacs interested to procure,
new predictions,
about which,
the Destinies do not even want to hear.

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59. Tax Paradise

Which of the Playing Cards,
of our God,
they will want anymore to hear,
the sound of the Waterfall of Death,
on which the Eternity has given it to us,
as being a gift,
of the Freedom by ourselves,
of Weather of Time,
drugged by himself,
then when he wanted,
to define himself,
as being Everything reborn from the Ashes,
of our Blood,
so devilish,
then when he could no longer believe,
in the Cathedrals of the Abuse of Loves,
on which, inexplicably,
the God of Memory,

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still accepts them,
in his Tax Paradise,
where the Financial Feelings have deposited,
the Angels of Love of some Religions,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
on which only,
the lattice, from ourselves,
can longer understand them.

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60. Diaspora of Words

Answer me Love,
then when I ask you,
how many of your Eternity Moments,
may be killed,
by Time of the Regrets,
which dissolve their Bodies of the Moments,
of your Eyes of Heaven,
in Diaspora of Words,
who bring their Guides of Tears,
with the Stars of the Miracles of some Wizards,
of the Feelings,
which, they will tell you in a Day,
of the Night,
from the Blood of Separation by you yourself,
if you still have Moments of Eternities,
through the dusty Pocket,
of your Days,
remained at the Periphery of the Horizon,
of the Eyes of a Destiny,
on which we embraced him Together,
Somewhere-Sometime.

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61. From which we were conceived

I can not feel,
the Eternity of the Feet of your Days,
until you will not tie me by the Glances,
of Illusions of Death and Life,
on which I have disappointed them,
with the Dawn restless of the Passions,
in which we have cleaned us,
the Existence given to the Death,
from before Birth,
where our Words,
were some poor Wanderers,
of the Vanity,
which was given to us,
to feed our Future,
of a Love,
of the Past,
from which we were conceived,
to we kill us,
the Eternity of the Moment.

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62. Equally Unconscious

Did you know that when we have searched for a God,
which to bless us,
the Eternity of the Moment in which we were hiding,
the Glances,
began to rain with the ice of Love,
over the freshly emerged crops, of the Feelings,
who realized,
that the harvest by Eternities of Moments,
is totally compromised,
until you came,
Angel of my Dreams,
which, you gave us the Sacred Fire,
over the sweaty foreheads of the Moments,
what they did no longer understand,
why the Illusions of Death,
they no longer want to die,
even if,
all their Dreams,
were shattered,

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by the heavy Steps,
of the Destiny,
which, they held us,
on the Shore between the Life and Death,
what we served as an appetizer,
to the Blood that flowed us,
from the Veins of the Questions,
in which we have remained for ever,
equally Unconscious.

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63. Becoming Destiny

I crashed,
beyond the Illusions of Death
of the Cemetery of your Dreams,
from which I built for me,
without wanting,
a Palace of Consciousness,
where can I receive you,
with all the Dreams of the Immortality,
on which I will put them,
at the foundation of Destiny,
from which to I knock for Eternity,
in the targets of Eternity,
the Heart of Love,
which I pulled you her out, from the chest,
of the Eternity,
what will come out of the hot Blood of the Moments,
where to we swim,
through the Illusions of Death,
until the Immortality will drown us,

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with her Endlessness,
as of Ocean of the Love,
in which we will find ourselves for Always,
the Silence,
of the Shores,
which we have touched them,
finally,
becoming Destiny.

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64. The Threshold of reddened Hearts

We were so lost,
through the Heaven of Tears of Dreams,
of the Birthday,
of the First Kiss,
on which the Illusions of Life,
they gave him to the Illusions of Death,
that I felt it necessary,
to we quench us, the Hunger for Blood,
of the Sunsets of the Forgetfulness,
which, they passed us,
the Threshold of Hearts,
reddened,
by the Blood of Love,
from the ice of the First Encounter,
which neither an Immortality,
she could no longer, ever,
to become the Star,
of our Destiny.

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65. Meaningless

Do not tell me that the Illusions of Death,
can overcome their own Will,
on which they will give it,
to the Unforgiving Destiny,
of the Moment of Eternity,
from which to carve,
a Happiness of Madness,
on which Time will tattoo,
the signs of a God,
so Stranger of ourselves,
that no windmill,
of the Feelings,
will no longer sift, the Love,
over the Regrets of the Disoriented Days,
which we banished them without wanting,
in the Beatings of our Hearts,
Meaningless.

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66. Volcanoes of Longing

You'll ever be able to knock,
at the Senseless Gates,
of my Heart,
which erupted,
from the Lava of the Volcanoes of our Forefathers,
whose Blood,
of Hopes and Moments,
has not lost its,
still the Eternity,
of the Eyes of Heaven,
yours?

And you could tell me,
why did you remained the Volcano of Longing,
of my Love,
on which no wave,
of the Illusions of Life or Death,
could not he ever extinguish him?

I do not believe.....

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67. On which, we have paid them with Separation

Pain,
scattered in the bunch of Days,
which I have lit up,
at Steps of Moments of Eternity,
from which I would have wanted,
to I create your birth,
scattered by a God of Myths,
in which we did not recognize us,
the Reality of Tears,
in which we have built us,
the Blood of the Sunrise,
from which we have created,
the Cloak of Dreams of the Future,
whose Tent of Hopes,
was taken by the waters of Illusions of Life,
and of the Death from us,
on which we have paid them,
without wanting,
with Separation.

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68. Without to kill our Time

Tears mutilated by Destiny,
cover the Feelings,
orphan of steps of cheap tin,
of the Words,
which have created us the Illusions of Death,
the increasingly sharp,
that,
they to be able to cut us the Life,
with the precision of a bistoury of the Hopes,
on which we will keep him,
in the fragile arms of a Future,
so lost in the Death from us,
that he will compel us,
to we fabricate us the Dreams,
from the Destiny lost and Forgotten,
through the pierced pockets,
of a God of Love,
where we will never succeed,
we to build us the true Cathedrals,
of the Eternity,
of our hopes,

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without to kill our Time.

69. We want to cross it toward You

Scatters me, Lord,
the Existence,
through the Hearts of stone,
of Illusions of Life and Death,
if you do not want to I believe that you are,
a Scarecrow,
in the field of grain of Love
from the plain stained by the Blood of the Sunsets,
of a Consciousness,
who will never accept,
the Absolute Truth,
of the Eternity,
which to wash us,
the Freedom to be,
two lovers of the Freedom,
from a Moment of the Immortality,
which we want to cross it,
towards You.

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70. We could no longer be, Past

You were so far away from me,
Angel of the Love,
that I did not know,
why the God of Separation left to you,
the Suffering of the Blood,
which has boiled in the Star of our Destiny,
as food,
for the Illusions of Life and Death,
on which we cross them,
dying little by little,
with each Eternity of Moment,
which I have lit up,
to the Universe between ourselves,
for to illuminate us the Way of Divine Light,
what had to guide us,
the Immortality
forever,
where none of us,
we could no longer be,
Past.

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71. For which it deserves to sacrifice you

How much Truth and Light,
can exist,
in the Great Universal Contemplation,
of a God,
who understood,
that the only rescue,
can it be just in the Illusion of Death ?,
whose Freedom is boundless,
between the namedless borders,
of the Love,
the only one,
for which deserves,
to sacrifice you,
on the pyre everlasting lit,
of the Candles of some Hearts,
what they still guard,
of longer than an Eternity,
the Tombs of Moments,
which have loved,
deep and sincere,
the Immortality

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of the Eyes of Heaven,
of the Passion.

72. The Blood of the Genes

The Gods of Divine Light,
of the Word in which we have incarnated,
the Illusions of Life and Death,
have become increasingly tired,
when they were supposed to,
to they climb the Mountain of Happiness,
carrying, on their broken wings,
our lost Glances,
those who, we have remained wandered
among the smoke curtains,
of the Absurd of this World,
who promised us the Eternity of a Moment
even if none of these,
did not have the gates of the Truth open,
toward our Destinies,
which have remained,
tangled on the distaff of the Time,
which sewed for the Savior
our Original Sins,
on the future shirt of the sacrifices,
which will dress us the Blood of the Genes,

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to the Separation from ourselves.

73. The starved Feelings, of the Loneliness

Teach me, Lord,
to I manage my Illusions of Life,
of Happiness and Death,
such that to I look at Cemeteries of Dreams,
as being full of Hopes,
who have chosen their Immortality,
in the tombs of our Days,
which we have no longer divided them,
to the Love,
until the end of the World of Absurd,
from which we built us the Moment,
which we kneaded it,
until it has grown,
in the Heart of Wiped Eyes of the Memory,
which I threw,
in the Hot Oven of Despair,
from which I finally pulled out,
the fluffy bread of Forgetfulness,
with which we feed ourselves and today,
the starved Feelings, of the Loneliness.

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74. Frugal and sad

The tears of the ice flowers,
of the wiped Words,
of on the opaque windows of the Glances,
are sold to the Loneliness,
eager for Moments,
frugal and sad,
on which to feed them,
with the living Suffering,
of the Existential Nonsense,
of which they want to escape at any price,
on the Frost of End of World,
of the Apocalypse,
of our souls,
who were incarnated,
in the Illusions of Life and Death.

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75. How much waste of Paradise

How much Eternity,
is in the Cemeteries of Words,
which has never been,
drank,
by the Eyes thirsty,
of the Heaven of our Souls?

How much waste of Paradise,
God did,
when he incarnated us,
in the Absurd and Vanity,
of this World?

How much Rain of Questions,
still have to fall,
over the body of the scorching heat of a Love,
until when this one,
will realize,
that it will never be immortal,
how long the Heart,
will it be built from the Illusions of Life and Death?

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76. He has falsified his Diploma of Creator

Why God,
repeats the class of Creation ,
through the Churches of the Sufferings,
lacked of Love,
of so many Destinies,
grinded at the Mill of the Despondency,
by the teachings,
of the Holy Fathers of the Apocalypse,
of the Feelings from us?

What note we would give him,
for all demented atrocities,
without Meaning,
of this World?

Who has overlooked to him so far,
the existential abuses,
once he has falsified his Diploma of Creator,
and through Bibles,
writes black on white,
that passed all the exams?

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Are not we the ones who have called Him the God of
Love?

Why?

Because so much we lacked Love,
that...

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77. From there from above

I lose me,
among the petals of the Moments,
on which I want to collect them,
for to I put them,
in the Basket of the Immortality,
of a Love,
what seemed like orphan by us,
until when the Star of the Destiny,
it bled us with her rays of Divine Light,
the Tears of the Moment,
on which we sailed,
embraced by endless horizons,
of the Love,
from which we have built us the Sails of Trust,
what they carried us,
beyond the Illusions of Life and Death,
which we have left to the World,
to continue to feed itself with them,

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in time,
what I watched her,
from there, from above,
from the Star which became ours,
illuminating and today,
with compassion,
the Cemeteries of Dreams,
of the ones from the bottom.

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